In the Middle of the Night

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Sometimes I find myself in the middle of the night
Laying awake in the dark
My breathing slow and regular
My mind cloudy, troubled

Laying there, eyes half closed
My thoughts spiral inward
And the fingers gently touching me are my own

I've never really known someone
At least not all the way
Nowhere as deep as I know myself
Nobody's ever reciprocated those affections

If loneliness and melancholy are part of the human condition
Then why do I feel so out of place?

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